

FLORENTIN SMARANDACHE

CIRCLES OF LIGHT

*poems*

(translated from Romanian by the author)



Phoenix • Chicago  
Erhus University Press

1992

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(translated from Romanian by the author)

for Jerry & Joan Vandevoort friendly



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The artwork in this book  
was created by the author.

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## BEFORE THE WORD

On the strings of the language of fire  
We are melting as a guitar, sonorous  
Letters in the breviaries are flourishing  
And we lapse alive among tall pages...  
The hymera come to us, as armies, like  
A domestic wound in the soul's fluid  
The sleep is smashed into sweet oblivion  
Of dreams, as the wood on embers

In symbols we expand the poem  
And we shrink it  
And the metaphor  
Opens a window the Sun invades  
The letter lays its life on paper

Ideas which are sucking as if from  
A mother  
Vertical images - lit at their top  
As the electric names of firms  
Blue verses as the hour and soft  
As the timidity, attacked by quietness  
And defeated by shouts, with  
White murmurs of Springs or  
Evening shoot

How can I cure my beginning, of  
Many small things  
When anything I say seems to me  
That others have said before?

I live in many places, and more at  
The same time - and each verse I leave  
A life of mine only, only one life

Tombs will be, for me, the distance  
Coffins: the infinite!

Like the bird in its flight, let's  
Stretch the tender poetry's arch!  
And its bow, let us relieve towards  
The moving target of the  
Eternity!

**LET US COLLECT ALL THE HONEY**  
**FROM THE LIGHT**

May in flower  
Hung on a twig

A plant of feelings  
Begins to work  
Skinny and ardent  
The carnation  
Breaks its head  
In the Sun  
Slowly our early dream  
Is trickling  
On the face

Let us collect all the honey  
From the light  
Without surrender!

WINEYARD VINATGED BY  
THE SUN

Vineyard vintaged  
By the Sun  
And squeezed  
By lights

As a boat  
Through the canopy  
The Moon  
Us founding in waters...

The yellow corns  
Lit lamps  
Under the arms

I catch sight of peasants  
In the long and big wagon  
Of the sky

## READING TO THE SPIRIT

I am laying idly, with the arm under a head...

The title of a book  
Is winding as a shout  
On the top

From the desire of being  
Polished by the absolute  
I begin to read  
Hung with eye's hook  
To the words

The letters jump off the pages  
Pull my hand  
Bring the foreign lands  
Under my feelings  
Making noise and uproar  
And tingle my ears  
With the speed of the century

Getting knocked about the eardrum  
Some are limping  
Depositing their ashes on layers  
On the brain

I Live within a second  
Slightly bent towards perfection

Among the lines, a voice  
Is throwing flowers at me  
Its heat passes to my soul



Ahead and behind  
In the end, yellowing them

Finally I become aware  
Reading twice the same page  
A few characters  
Each one recorded  
After its name and face  
Inviting me to discussion  
Then hurriedly getting out from the page

Like a child  
The time is jumping on the stairs of years  
From page to page

**THE FURNISHED INTERIOR**  
**OF A POEM**

Gallant poems  
With ties round the neck  
Displayed on the stage  
The dancers are passing holding their arms  
Each one with a tune

A butterfly  
On each word  
And in furnished interior  
Of a poem  
The last word  
The poet is still holding it  
Between his teeth

THE METAPHOR IS FLUTTERING  
FROM THE FLAG

The autumn is painting faintly  
The shout of the  
Asleep flowers

An old field  
Rumor of cattle  
With soft udder  
In waves-of-ravens

As a rainbow  
The metaphor is fluttering  
From the flag

THE SWEET BODY  
IS BREATHING AMONG FLOWERS

In your eyes  
There is much distance  
I read  
The light  
And the young hair  
Which comes back to life  
Under Sol's wings  
The sweet body  
Is breathing among flowers

Surrounded by long pleasures  
In your shadow  
The cruel years  
Gather together  
Under woven pleats  
'Till they mold

CIRCLES OF LIGHT

*I am being bathed  
By the oceans' life  
When a sunrise  
Laughs straight into my face  
Its circles of light  
Are passing by me  
With abstract questions  
But my heart begins to detach  
Petals of dreams  
From open eyes  
But I run to catch  
The big circle of the sky*

## POEM

Calling from the depths towards the Flight ...  
Full of bees, how is the Earth  
From inside of me, white birds come out  
In the blood, hearts are laughing sonorously

The day is bathing in hours  
Dispersing sparks of light  
The flowers are flooding the garden  
Rivers of elegies and longing

## THE HEIGHTS IN EAGLES GROW

Tender snowdrops  
Pull from under the snow  
The Spring  
From universe  
The Springs are striking  
And in the fine breeze  
With smiles upon the lips  
I am tattooing myself

Meek cranes bring on the wing  
The heat  
The heights  
In eagles grow  
And the mountain with the peak  
Breathes the sky

## TOWARDS FULFILLMENT

A long way encircles me  
Inadvertently  
I am at its beginning  
But I start with the right foot

Chained, my steps are heading  
For the fog  
Far away, through the thick fog  
A white point, hardly visible  
A light - a light from this entrance  
An ideal

A shudder...  
The hopes come back to life:  
My face brightens  
The blood revives  
I have found  
A trace of escape

I try to walk  
But my legs are as lead...  
I want to run  
I collapse down the the Earth...  
I would like to fly  
And the wings of way melt in the Sun...  
My thought is of flying only

I make a jump  
I advance as the snail...  
But for how long shall I be marching?

I implore the time to help me  
It doesn't even hear me...  
It seems that passing is even worse!

I have to bear the destiny  
But it's immensity is pushing me  
I go ahead slowly and firmly  
But the monotony is boring me



I continue the way - non-way...  
It's aspirations hurt me  
I feel overloaded by its difficulties  
And the memories overwhelm me  
And yet, if I had found a different one?

I am looking for an end...an end...  
But what is out there?...another beginning?  
And what surprises will be in store for me?  
The destiny will say its words...  
Will live and see...will look over again  
And my way is lost to nothingness...  
I am tired - I hardly move  
I begin to shake

I'm hampered by an obstacle and fall...  
I rivet my looks in emptiness  
I lean and ask for help  
And yet I stand!

O look back:  
'Til here I have succeeded!

...The time is flowing slowly  
But it's still flowing

Hours have past  
Days are passing  
Months will pass, 'til when  
I will return and  
I shall find back  
My love

The existence of an idol  
Encourages me  
The dream will come true  
I will vanquish!  
I will vanquish!

## ILLUMINATION

Strange bath in time  
Cave of my soul  
I am strolling with my hands  
At the back and the stalactites  
Are poking my head  
By me are floating  
Imaginary beings  
And I question myself:  
Are they part of my soul?  
I get frightened of a few dragons  
"Oh sweetheart, what are they doing here?  
Aren't you feeling cold and humid?"  
I have found a drier place  
She answers me  
And I am seeking in vain  
And I do not find  
I get the pick mattock and begin to break  
The wall from the ceiling...  
To get in a little Sun

**THE SUN'S LIGHT**  
**IS SWARMING WITH WORMS**

The Sun's light  
Is swarming with worms  
As a pale corpse  
Putrefying in the heat  
The gloom lays ill  
In moldiness  
In the Tiamat's wet room

**THE SCORCHING HEAT SHOWS**  
**ITSELF NAKED**

The ages of the water  
Put in circles  
Toward infinity...  
The harmonica  
Of the sea is breeding exhaustion  
On an air cushion  
An albatross

The scorching heat shows itself  
Naked  
Benches waiting  
In the parks

Torrid under vaults  
The Sun has frozen  
And stares

The scorching heat shows itself  
Naked

**UNDER THE WINGS THE GOLDEN EAGLE**  
**IS GATHERING AIR**

Through the Cartesian devil air  
A vanishing wedding  
Of horns

Slowly the breeze takes us  
On sharp horns

A stag  
Dying of youth  
Is shaking off the childhood  
Through the light grass

The golden eagle  
Gathered air  
With its unfolded feathers

**IN THAT BIRD THERE IS**  
**A FLIGHT**

Explosion of the field  
In snowdrops  
The eye of the window  
Looks towards outside

Symbolic grains  
In forced march  
Our of slime, pulled out  
Light

Hung on a twig  
In that bird there is  
A flight

## THE MEEK BODY OF POETRY

Before the stream  
The fair  
Muffled up before people  
Among flakes of Sun  
The toothless smile  
Of a child

Very close to me  
Gallop among words  
The meek body  
Of the poetry  
With the mind vaulted  
By the sky

THE NET OF NERVOUSNESS  
OF THE DAY

The roosters are panting  
Hoarsely  
In the rising balloon  
Of sunrise  
The lights are flattening  
The night  
Placidly  
And the trees are poking  
Into the color  
Invisibly  
The net of nervousness  
Of the day  
Is expanding

My dears, I invite you  
In the Sun



GLASS DOORS  
OF THE INSTANT

From artesian tall flames  
    Of water  
    Are gushing forth  
        More  
    The tanned sea  
Is splashing over the coat  
    Wild ducks  
    Are bathing  
    With naked bottoms  
In the Summer's lodge  
    Light breezes  
Are chasing each other

Dreamful on waves  
    Glass doors  
    Of the instant  
        I open

## BEGINNING

The wind which timidly is blowing  
The sweet pain of the beginning  
It's killing my words  
Before writing them

Among acacias with beards  
Through bleeding hymera  
The grass' pulse is rising  
The hungry hours gather up

How the Spring's water are sighing  
Of the birth's sadness  
How the offshoots break their rind  
By the passion of the growth  
This beginning is pressing heavily  
On my temple  
It's caressing me -it's hurting me

Have I risen in the west?

**THE MAJESTIC OAK**  
**STRONG IN MATH**

Innocent, diaphanous  
The Spring presents itself  
As the exam...

Young carnations  
Bashfully as pupils  
And ivory butterflies  
Students in biology  
Strong in math  
The majestic oak  
Keeps its arms raised  
The white bindweed  
Gets its flower diploma

AT THE WORKING DESK OF THE COUNTRY

*With the heart dipped into the celestial ink  
Of the light  
The writers  
At the country's working desk*

## PICTURE

The day had dissolved since long  
The darkness  
And now it was laying  
Cooked snakes in the Sun

Close to woods walked  
By mushrooms  
The land had woven fields

Only the azure sea  
With its hair scattered  
Was crying in despair

## VIOLET SHOUTS

The dawns are overflowing  
Their small skin, milky bags  
Extinguishing the stars  
The pre-dawn stillness  
Is broken into chips  
Of violet shouts

I idly open an eye  
Into myself  
From the very bottom  
And the pupils stretch  
Before me  
On the calm beach  
I feel my inner  
lessening  
As if my nail  
Is tied to the Sun

## GROWTH

After it had enough  
Going around the marine worlds  
At the surface  
Squeezing his bristles  
Through indolent waters  
The fish went down to the bottom  
Planning to grow  
It fed itself for a while  
Eating one  
Devouring another  
Swimming for a while  
Flapping its wings on the left  
It made a detour on the right  
'Til it was among the whale  
Challenged  
One, two...  
It had no more rival in the sea  
When it met  
The first fish  
It swallowed itself  
And waited to burst

## RETURNING

With the thought - Sun in the pocket  
Through the vast wings  
It's chest had risen  
Over chaste deserts

At the new clock curved by the world  
In cold shadows, appears  
A tenebrous porphyry of foam  
The nymphia fell to the sea



## OPENING TOWARDS INFINITY

Under the evening rain  
Full of images  
My river grows full  
From the vibrant water of youth  
Engulfed by the ocean of sky  
A flower is opening in myself  
Projecting a long corolla  
Which shakingly  
Touch my fingers  
The dove's flight  
The aspiration  
To give me  
The images of a God  
Among words  
Or above Death  
We always  
Shall climb through birds  
And I strike the flint  
Of the clean thought  
To light my being  
The flight is a torch  
Towards infinity!

## AIR WITH EYES OF BRONZE

Snakes of light...  
On the canopy of a nest  
A large audience:  
Reverberated birds  
Widen the sky

Crystal wasp' nests  
Of holloworts...  
Diaphanous scents through meadows  
Are seeking for the flower

Air with the eyes of bronze

WE BREED BIRDS FOR THE HEIGHT

*We breed birds for the height  
To defeat the distance  
For Flacons  
Gulp the strength  
Babies with cheeks red  
As the joy*

## TO WRITE WRITING

I live in one word  
Only:  
To write writing

And before the word  
With the brain  
In my right hand  
I take a walk  
Through the soul

## YOUNG AS A BEGINNING

I am young  
Like a beginning  
Under the living bell  
Of the sunrise  
And my hour  
It's rising the dome

Like an ingenious sky  
Which is yet risen  
By the twilight  
Tremulously I descend  
Towards tomorrow

**THINGS AND ALL**  
**ARE BEING GATHERED IN SEEDS**

Grains in the field  
The peasant is crumbling  
And Gaea is following him  
The low is expanding the Earth  
Things and all  
Are gathered  
In seeds

Yellow as the illness  
The Sun  
With make-up on its face  
Squints  
At the tender fields  
Sweating in ponds

THE LEAVES SHAKE OFF THE NIGHT  
FROM THEMSELVES

I pull the sunrise by white ropes  
Through the window  
The light  
Is flooding the room

The leaves shake off the night  
From themselves  
And the storks  
Are carrying on their wings  
Heights  
On the street a woman is passing  
And is pulling my looks

**IT IS GATHERING THOUGHTS**  
**IN THE LIGHT**

The science is releasing  
    Its head  
From the glass test tubes  
    Scholars  
Who rush from behind  
    The time  
And thoughts are gathering  
    In the light  
They are setting their brains  
    Into computers



SWANS ARE WATCHING  
THE T.V.

The immaculate  
Are sipping the milk  
From the Sun  
Swans  
Distinguished and aristocratic  
On the water's screen  
Are watching T.V.

ALL OUR PINES  
DESCEND IN THE SONS

Shutters are being whitewashed  
By light  
As a rose in the slot  
The dawn settles

With lined eyelids  
From the soft cotton sleep  
You slide into nothingness

Your mother waters you  
With life  
From her overripe breast  
All our pines  
Descend into sons

## POETICAL GEOMETRY

Tall time in the low sphere  
Straight pins pulse in their minds  
    Towards the sky  
Council of mountains is made  
The wave of a sea is the chronicler

In dear Autumns with days in colors  
When from the clouds the stars are  
    Kissing us  
The fog breaks in pieces at sunset

Through the juice from the vine  
    Of the nation  
With roots poked into Heaven  
The life is overflowing its sweet  
    Language...  
And sprinkles with blood a branch

## ANTIQUITY

On the hill, among the wheaters appear  
The old Romans gilded with shields  
And the stately sons in the process of molding  
From trunks of bodies today blooming

A book is burning  
Written by the longing  
Let the time aside  
And snatch the future

A sacred hour I caught  
In my flight towards poetry  
I lit the dark with a torch  
My unquenchable lamp of amber!

A book is burning  
Written by the longing  
Let the time aside  
And snatch the future

## STOICAL FEELINGS

### I. The Sight

I have opened the eagle eyes  
In myself, 'til far away:  
The sky is full of mauve blazes  
And dead birds  
It had fallen on the green stars  
Of this Earth  
Which were sparkling  
In rusty armors  
At the gloomy spears  
Of the cold Suns of the time

### II. The Hearing

When I opened my ear  
At the present hour of the past  
The iron crows were chomping  
Biting from stone  
The waters overflown by  
The day's Moon, yelling  
Splitting the trees with the leaves  
The rock was groaning  
Overthrown  
By the seas and oceans  
The Earth was crying!

### III. The Smell

Through the foul smell of the blue air  
Sniffing back  
The traces of my steps  
I have smelled the burning flesh  
But alive  
Of the cut panthers  
The river of blood, deeply teaming  
Through their marines  
Emanating white: grass, air  
Freedom

#### IV. The Touch

Among snowy leaves  
I touched their tombs  
Old but strong, brittle skeletons  
With lances in tomorrow, bullets in ribs  
Puppies grown from their skulls  
I touched myself, but  
I could not believe: I exist!  
I am born from blood and stones  
With shields on the straight shoulders!

#### V. Taste

Through the sweet wind  
Of the milky pigeons  
Which fly more and more  
Further and further away  
From young hearts  
I have tasted, from my body  
Bathed in the misty wine  
Of the vine of the nation  
When I made a wry face  
To the Moon and to the Sun

EVERYWHERE WE HAVE A BEGINNING

Dizzied leaves  
By the rain's  
Kiss  
From colored Sun  
Warm symphonies  
Which ascend to the sky  
Everywhere we have a beginning

In my thoughts  
Are streaming  
The running sounds  
Horses tramping  
Are thrusting in the echo

**IOSTLING THE FLOWERS**  
**IN THE STREET**

Tapes filled up  
With tunes  
Casette recorders chewing  
Music  
Cast in the cold patterns  
Of the brain  
Sentiments  
And dreams  
Cuts from cinema magazines  
Jostling the flowers  
In the streets



CHILDREN  
TOWARDS WHAT ARE YOU GROWING?

Spring starts  
With branches adorned  
With flowers  
The trees are raising  
Their heads  
Into the wind  
The leaves  
Talk of loneliness  
From the Earth, from the green grass  
The sprouts are rising

Towards what  
Are you growing, children?

**GREAT HIGHWAYS**  
**IN UPRIGHT POSITION**

Great highways  
In upright position  
Among  
Canadian poplars  
With fragile body  
And with a head in the clouds  
Heavy electric wires  
Of so much light  
A daily send  
A dream  
Ambassador to the Sun

## MEASURE OF THE DISTANCE

Oh, Tlazolteoti  
Measure of the distance  
From me to myself  
In my dreams sure I shall be  
Drunk many times  
You are nothing and you are all:  
Your breasts  
Rushing into my palms  
As two burning volcanoes  
Uncovered footsteps  
Small and rebellious hands

As the Sun - more  
Into my eyes  
Your light would grow

## THE SOUND OF THE COLORS

for Arthur Rimbaud

Long rays of the star  
It's throwing from the East  
And pricking  
Sleeping silences  
And the deep red  
It's laughing like  
From high spheres it's heard  
The blue  
How it is playing the violins  
The green look  
Of the field  
It's shouting and calling to life  
An uncolor white  
It's keeping silent  
Under the day's  
Dead swan  
Sick as the sadness  
The yellow sunset  
It's sighing  
With heavy steps it closes  
Mourning  
The black voice of evening  
In the garden

## WE DIG WELLS FOR LIGHT

The golden look  
Of the Sun  
In deep tilings the dust  
Opens its mouth  
The sapling on the sides  
Grow  
In sensitivity  
For so many children  
The kindergarten from the valley  
Is blossoming  
And we dig wells  
For light

## I HAVE LIVED EACH PAINTING

As soon as the exhibition opened  
In paintings  
And hardly a remembered  
To get out

I have lived each painting

I had carried with me  
All the emotions  
But in the end I have forgotten them all  
There  
Part of the paintings I reproduced  
On the retinue, and others  
I have packed them nicely  
In the mind

I have lived each painting

When I left, all colors were yelling  
Yelling frantically for the heart  
As after a thief  
And I was dying  
Dying in each painting

## HOPES

*The clean rays  
Of some hopes  
Pull the soul's curtains  
The eyes set for screaming  
The inner light  
Is turned on  
While outside is burning  
The heavy night's mantle  
Which covers the day around*

I OPEN THE BOOK  
OF AN INSTANT

With continuous rivers  
It is raining  
Ill hours  
Are breaking on the pavements  
Drops  
Of sufferance  
In fireplaces the flames  
Are laughing  
From behind the grills

I open the book  
Of an instant  
And the wings of the bird  
Of a paper  
Strike my eyes



## SUN HYPERBOLES

The astronauts carry the Moon  
On the Earth  
Tearing from nature  
Hyperboles  
Of Sun  
Countless ages  
Of millennia  
The broken trace  
Of the Venus flight  
It is bleeding sweetly  
And we shall be  
All our life  
Only athletes  
High jumper!

**WITH THE SKILL CARRIED**  
**IN DIPLOMACIES**

Within offices full  
Of rest  
Beurocrats  
With the skill carried  
In diplomacies  
Locking up men  
Alive  
In archives

**BETTER FIGHTERS THAN MEN**  
**DO NOT EXIST**

The Xiquan-s  
Who challenge  
The eternity  
Better fighters than men  
Do not exist  
They lean a little  
By the horizon  
Holding on their backs  
Sacks full  
Of light

FROM ITS TUNE ARE GUSHING RIVERS

On the hill the birches  
Are cleansing in the lime

The acacias are bursting  
In roars  
Of buds

The lights are gathering  
In orange trees

Can you see that bird?  
It holds the air  
With its wings  
From its tune are gushing rivers

**WHEN IN THE EVENING THE POPLAR**  
**IS A PRIEST**

When in the evening the poplar  
Is a priest  
The transparent Moon  
Half gnawed  
By night's worms  
Is burying itself  
Through these clouds  
So flattened  
As if God had put  
His hands on their heads

**LITTLE SPARROWS SITTING**  
**ON THE LANGUAGE**

Heretic songs  
Are going about  
With leaves' speed  
The lily is laughing  
Risen in ecstasy  
Pink petals  
Making a special heart attack

From a tall pine  
Graduated in law  
Little sparrows sitting  
On the language  
They speak it...

## **RED SMILES**

The morning was breaking out  
On the beckoning of storks  
And the news was passed on  
Dripping honey  
In my ears  
The new beginning  
Revealed its face  
In mirrors of fog  
And slowly descended  
The horizon steps  
Under red trumpets  
Of the primary rays  
The silence was lightly fermenting  
Pulled together as a bastille  
I retained myself  
Waiting as from ruins  
To overflow outside

## DAY BREAK

When it starts its round  
The day is yawning thinly  
From the morning's lips  
Showing its nakedness  
It's hearing is knocked  
By an internal cry  
A red cry  
With the tears of dew  
Of the puppies  
And the mouth is freeing  
Sonorous cascades  
Throwing shouts of light  
Towards the black past  
Which still tightens it  
The people are in a hurry  
To sip color  
In the starting of woods  
The horned cattle  
Wake from sleep  
Begin to graze  
The green from its look  
And bees return to life  
In yellow bewilderment  
The flower's pollen  
Fainted a bit



THE HEIGHT IN THE ATOM  
IS GROWING

Scrap of color is gathering  
The crepuscule  
The life  
Hung by a torch

The height in the atom  
Is growing  
One cannot reach it

### A BRANCH OF SPRINGTIME

The white poetry of the time  
Was hanging in the looks  
A branch of Spring  
A renaissance wall  
Was humming around the opened windows  
The Sun squeezing itself by light  
Dissolving into blue  
Filling the East half of the sky  
The wind was blowing gently  
The melted way

The sleep of the stove was awakening  
The insects were hoisting immaculately  
The flag of the light shadows  
Hands full of restful caresses  
Arousing anxieties of virgins  
And the young tree of my life  
Was shaking off the white poems  
Of snow  
And was blooming in reverie  
From far away, was looking at me  
An idol  
And dreams existed no more  
Except in reality

## BIRTH

The light  
Is growing brighter

The sky  
Is prickled by pines  
And I, slowly  
How the distances dissipate us  
At the end of a path  
A hut stops  
In the cool  
While a child is running 'til his  
Soul escapes from his ears

## EARLY

At dawn the Spring  
Had awakened  
As a shilly-shally murmur  
Now, noisily is washing  
Its face  
In its own sweat

The fields were looking up with hope  
A ray weeping joy  
It had rained much  
With flowers and  
Few daisies  
Were delicately shaking off  
The tiny, white dresses  
Of dew  
The pond - Ireland of water  
Was rising up to the surface  
Necks on neuphars  
Flowers-de-luce tarnished  
By shyness  
Were sending colored looks

And I was listening  
In my thoughts  
The whispering of the woods  
When the breeze came smelling  
Bluish  
Of a sea  
Behind the space's soul

LET THE SPRING ENJOY THE WATER

Oh, The mighty kills us slowly  
And so many tears  
Of flowers...

But man don't your  
Instant...  
Fortuna the Goddess  
Is tall  
Let the Spring  
Enjoy the water

THE TREES ARE GROWING  
REFRESHED WITH BUDS

Swollen by wind  
In the field  
It is leaving  
And sown  
In gold  
A riding star  
Sent by Apollo  
It's carting  
His bird of rays  
The trees are growing  
Refreshed with buds  
A dragonfly  
Is walking  
Naked  
The Spring in fragrance  
Is melting  
And Euterpe the muse  
Begins its game

## MARSH OF COLORS

The Summer in doves  
It's releasing  
Its voice  
And in realms it's setting  
Marshes  
Of colors  
Embers of fire  
Gathered by Hefaistos  
Are burning  
In poppies

As wild beasts  
Hibernating  
Feeble sentiments  
Came out to take a walk  
Vagrants

IN THE SWEET SWING  
OF THE HOPE

In the mouth I have as neighbor  
The sleep  
Oh, my dear sleep

Before the world  
Before its awakening  
I make a round  
Through the children  
I am swaying  
In the sweet swing  
Of the hope

In the labyrinth like streets of the town  
I am carrying as if rolling  
The entire life  
Towards south



**NERVOUS OAKS**  
**WITH A NOSE IN THE AIR**

Mountains scattered in a herd  
Of trees  
Nervous oaks  
With a nose in the air  
Masters  
Of the Earth's azure  
Tousled pines  
Virulent in Resin...

And the ooze close by  
Wintered in the ponds!

THE SEEDS ARE  
EXTRACTING SYMBOLS

Laughters  
Of ripe fruit  
In the field  
On the big holiday  
The seeds are extracting  
Symbols

October passes  
Over us  
With boots  
Full of mud

## A CHILD OF THE BEGINNING

The plants bookcase  
Of the meadow  
Roars of leaves  
The thorns are pricking us  
Strangers  
Of the rays

With the hem up to the waist  
The light  
Breaks in  
Hot images  
Still smoking, still...

There I live  
A child  
Of the beginning

## YOUNG GIRL

Your bosom bloomed  
On branches  
of your green years  
The fingers of the rays  
Are spoiling  
Your little mind  
Of the morning  
Your long hair, as if showing  
Over your crystal shoulders  
From the lake of your eyes  
The blond drops of dew  
Are draining  
And tears  
Are bearing the fruit of the White Love  
Come to shake away  
The black petals  
Of our incompleteness  
In the land of forgetfulness

LIGHT BREEZES  
WERE BLOWING THE NOISE

The arrow of a rabbit  
In the field  
The projectile of an eagle  
Flying...

Among candid reeds  
Light breezes  
Were blowing the noise  
The salty water  
Foaming at the mouth

Whistle after whistle  
The lark was  
Swallowing...

I took myself  
Outside  
To grow up a bit

**FROM THE SWEET STAMINA**  
**OF THE BODY**

Let's squeeze from ourselves  
From the sweet stamina  
Of the body  
Streams of molecules  
Of love  
In every written poem!

As a star with soul  
The metaphor  
Should clear the time  
From rust  
And awaken the dormant feelings  
From programmers

ARE THE BIRDS DAZZLED BY LIGHT?

*The star sits there  
Hung on a nail  
On the firmament  
In the blue blood  
Of the sky  
The stars are boiling  
And above the albatross  
Rustle their wings*

*Are the birds dazzled by light?  
Are the waves striking the sea?*

## THE LOVE WITH LONG HAIR

And I read, the rivers, the trees  
The air, the sea

I read the rivers and I write them  
With stones  
I read the trees  
And I write them with clouds,  
I read the sea and I write it  
With jellyfish.  
And I write with stones, with leaves  
With clouds, with jellyfish

I read the love with long hair-  
And in order to write  
I seep the pen in tears  
In tears



## THE PEACOCK

A silhouette flooded in quietness  
A peacock drowned in black hair  
The eagle of the downs with blue eyes  
Is inventing your statue  
The eyes are opening in wonder  
And love is dripping  
In the ballet of the light's scales  
Of happiness  
I breathe in your vaporous being  
Your humid lips  
By an impossible love  
Want to be kissed  
Your white hands  
Hide away from you  
The secret of the stars  
Your voice  
Laid in the grass  
Is overflowing from the future  
The course of my life  
In Niagras

## I LOVE MY LONGING OF YOU

Between you and me  
There is a difference  
Of an Autumn

Between you and me  
It's different  
The Winter road  
away, afar  
Thousands of verses  
Of light

But I love my longing for you  
I love the infinity

FROM SPOILING  
OF A SMALL MOUTH

Full of love  
The lips  
In waves a raising  
Fro spoiling  
Of a small mouth  
Scented  
The words make their way

I swim lightly  
In your eyes  
Of Aphrodite  
And steaming whispers  
I break  
On my tongue  
In the heart I discover  
An entry  
Of light

**THE BEAUTY IS CRYING**  
**LIKE AN APPLE**

"Selfish object  
The mirror-  
It's pointing only at you  
The solitude!"

And the beautiful is crying, crying  
Like an apple  
In front of the mirror  
As in front of it's own soul

And somewhere, far  
Can be heard falling  
The vain dreams

## THORNY ROSE OF LOVE

It froze the song in his throat  
Tyrannized by the woman meekness  
The world had set fire  
In the night of feelings  
And the sounds were sitting still  
On the dew  
The man was reasoning  
And his thoughts shared  
His house

## MIRAGE

*Your whispers  
Bury me in sin  
To the waist  
I loosen my arms  
Through the fog of your surroundings  
In vertical speeds towards you  
On our shoulders the cloth  
Grows old  
Faster than the flowers  
Caught in drought  
The pain becomes a being  
Sprouting the dreams  
Little by little*

*While the Martyr's time  
Flows inside us  
Overflowing  
Above they watch  
Where we should be*

## IDEAL LOVE

Is to smile to a girl  
more than to caress her?

Is to offer flowers  
to a Miss  
more than to kiss her??

Is to write a poem  
for a lady  
more than a night of love  
together???

BRAZILIAN GIRL

Subjugate my desires,  
Enigmatic Creature with night eyes!  
It's the time of warm whispers.  
Do you feel, Feminine Wild Beast  
with long hair  
reaching to my soul  
as black as our troubles? . . .  
I fell in love with your photo.



## BREEZE OF BOSPORUS

Let the breeze of bosporus push me  
In abnegation sunrise  
Toward a dream adventure  
Where fancy flies  
Like the yellow hair

Let me be lost  
In the infinite blue  
Of two eyes  
Whence Marmara Sea leaks and floods  
The soul  
From passion's realm of Istanbul  
Which stirs the masculine blood  
And inspires  
And worries  
My ill spirit  
To an imaginary love...

Please give me, blond girl  
Yourself!

## **THE WHISPER OF WATER**

Stretch out your white hand  
Your blond hair  
To the Sun of you  
The beams with golden rings  
Will embrace you

Listen to the whisper of water  
Quench my fire in the time  
With passionate odor  
Let lilies of the valley bloom on your bosom

Look about the whirlpool of grasses  
Cracked into stillness  
A flame is wandering

WANDERER STAR

Gazing at the canopy  
Beyond the migrating birds  
Dizzy by their heights  
I get inflamed by your cold eyes  
Your unclear image  
Surrounds me  
As a white veil of marble  
Your thought is dripping  
Into the tremors of my life  
And stirs pleasures  
From the violin of the soul  
Unspent  
You throw before you  
The silky air that you breathe in  
As a wanderer star  
Among the nights  
You throw your life  
Over death

**I SCATTER MYSELF**  
**HOLDING YOUTH BY THE SHOULDERS**

The Acacia is putting its crown  
Charmingly  
As a King  
Confidently on itself  
Uneven carnations  
Remained heavy  
Of so much color  
I scatter myself  
Holding youth by the shoulders

**IN FLOWERS**  
**THE GLADES ARE REFRESHING**

The pines are climbing up the mountains  
A Sun is poking into the sky  
In flowers  
The glades are refreshing  
On stones  
Silence of the syllable  
The stream begins

Small explosions  
Among forests  
Timid in the beginning  
A violet appears  
In a rose  
Of a smile  
Your mouth breaks

## THICK AND NOISY VERSES

With blue tanks  
The noon penetrates  
In the looks  
With thick and noisy verses  
Of small swallows  
Fallen in ecstasy  
Of ripe fruit  
The seeds are travelling

The frigates on the sea  
Are changing  
Into fine clothes  
Meanwhile  
I put my heart  
On my face

## TRACES THROUGH LEGENDS

With capital letters, newly built  
On the world's stages among heroes  
You leave to the century a name

By legends you let traces  
In the sky, the golden pins  
In the fire, infinite columns

## BRIDGES OF REMAINS

Crowns reddened in flame  
Have been put on freedom's head  
The united country's arm is cut off  
The justice thrashed on the wheel  
The offsprings of the Christian law  
Have been killed  
Up to the smallest...

And from these leavings  
Bridges of remains  
Have lasted  
Over the time



## BEYOND THE COUNTRY

A darkness that one can't  
See his soul  
And the more you go away  
Towards the night

You get near  
To the world's tomb  
Called oblivion

## WESTERN POETRY

By burning embers, extinguished men!  
The Spanish woman has Indian skin  
And her blood like a tam-tam  
She comes from Madrid, but  
She has an Athenian loop of hair

The Portuguese woman is an alive woman  
But pulled on a dead line  
In the pasture  
The Spanish woman speaks English  
The Portuguese woman speaks English  
The men do not speak English  
They sleep  
From white sky, black rains come  
On the green stems, yellow flowers can be seen still  
It's hot and cold  
It's a cold heat  
A few apes are descending from the trees  
And enter the human world  
By extinguished embers, men burning  
With fever

ARIZONA, JULY 1990

Freed from the dull past  
Loaded by a nebulous future  
This exile goes on -  
Oh, America, country full of contradictions  
Mother of stateless, of jack on  
Both sides and of non-adaptables  
Immigrated always in themselves  
What does it count for you  
One life in plus - one life less  
And this destiny of a refugee?  
Nothing but a grain of sand  
On the bottom of the desert

SENTIMENTS  
PRODUCED IN LABORATORIES

All things begin  
And terminate  
Inside us  
The skull became  
A cage  
In which we are cramming  
Sentiments  
Produced in laboratories...  
And daily we pass  
Under tunnels  
Of words

## MATHEMATICS LITERATURE

Imagine that these poems had been created  
By an electronic device, though you are not  
Too far! Than what would you have thought?  
If in the most sophisticated labs the  
Scientists are producing human  
Embryos, we are producing souls. According  
To mechanic procedures spiritual states  
Are being made. Programmed algorithms  
In a sophisticated language are producing poems  
On a conveyor belt. The writer wearing  
A white overall is watching the bracket  
Of its ordinator when these are creating  
These logic sentiments

It is infant literature for adults  
Or vice-versa. Linear verses tore by  
Non-linear images, metaphoric equations  
Of the insulant abstract systems of thoughts  
Breathing of a second...

As the artificial flowers these poems  
Are imitating the natural flowers

## BEYOND THE WORDS

We breath daily - the air loaded  
By verses - full of epithets - like the  
Trees with fruit - with metal glitters  
As a woman with lipstick stridently  
On her lips - we pull through the  
Lapsed stairs - of the simple words  
And the symbols open to us - bushy  
Verses - grown in the fluffy down  
Of a dream - laid by the running river  
Of a style - in warm aluminum

Devoured by Nature, scorched by love  
We learn the climbing, the descending upon  
The solid scaffolding of the metaphors

Tender as the breeze of a wind - these  
Poems as tall as a dream - with  
The green body at the life - with  
The white eyes like the hope - and  
Black as the grief - from the sweet  
Words as the love - and bitter like  
The pain I carry the good thought  
Cleaner than the health!

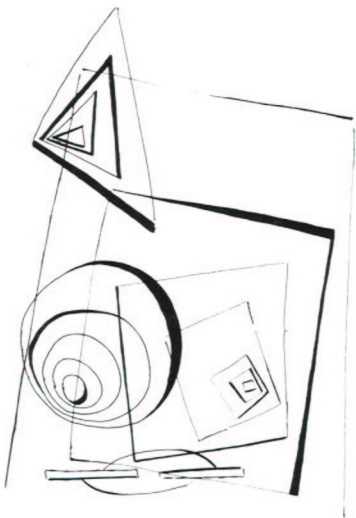
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